### THE WITCH OF THE WATERS

A Susceptible Reporter's Interview with Clara Beckwith.

#### CHAT WITH A FAMOUS SWIMMER

Every Girl, She Says, Ought to Become an Adopt in the Art-Swimming Quits Natural to Man-Fear the Emotion Which Prevents Success-Cramps Unneccessary

Miss Clara Beckwith, the swimmer, in an nterview last evening, taught the reporter

the theory of smimming. The lady was at home. A white rose was coming in her soft brown hair, her hands were working a scarf for her brother, the suns of twenty-seven summers were beaming in nereyes, and a St. Bernard dog was couchant at her feet when the interviewer called. After the conventional exchange of those meaningless phrases, which custom lifes, Miss Book with resumed the knitting of her brother's tie, and the reporter restlessly twirled his watch charm. For a little while only the premking of the lady's easy chair and the slicking of the shining knitting needles could se heard.

"So you really know how to swim?" blun dered the intruding men.

"I have been in the swim since earliest irihood," said the young lady, in tones which could have resurrected Troy and made the

forests dance,
"The water is my home," continued she, and the reporter wished that there might be a spoot hard by, and he a Leander with roar and spinsh of waters have echoed

"The roar and splass of waters are con-throughout my life, sometimes eaimly, often-times radely, and I hardly think Aphrodite loved old firms-well Neptane so well as I." While saying this there was a light in her hazel eyes which brought to the reporter's mind lisen's "Lady of the Sea."

THE SPIRITS RISE WITH THE TIDES. "I have sometimes, almost, dared to think that my heart was tuned to the throbs of the sea-god's pulse, and that my spirits rose and

fell with the tides." There was another bill in the talk, and the nusical clicking of the needles as she made her brother's the could be heard again. It was the music of affection playing to a loved one How did you become the champion lady

swimmer of the world?"
"On coming to America from my natal-heath, old Merry England, heaven bless her, (and the strains of "God Save the Queen," rang in her woice as sale said it), "I issued the housemany challenges. One was accepted by Miss St. John, whom I detented. Then, in a six days contest I swam a preader distance than six challenging competitors, each swim-"Ever save a Life?"

"Yes, save a life,"
"Yes, several, but I don't care to discuss that," and her hard gaze fell once more upon her work, and the needles continued to click. Had the question been, "Did you ever brighten a life," the reporter need not have

It is a matter of record that Miss Beckwith plunged from the steamer Hunter during a stormy cruise in the flay of Fundy, and re-cured a little child who had fallen from that eralt. Other deeds of this nature have been otted down on the sunny side of the Celestini dofter by an ungel secretary in the name of

SWIMBLESS MINT NOT BE TIMES. That day on which I do not feel the embe of the water, essues to me almost a black page is my calendar. Health and vigor are induced by swimming, and every girl should practice it. The matter of public swimming-pools is a registered one. It is about as easy not to sink as to sink. Swimming is allought as uniteral to man us to any other mammal. Fear is the emerion which prevents ity should have no place in the heart of the

\*Windler.

"The use of life preservers and other artifi-cial aids to bouyancy ought to be discouraged

# The Salvage Man.

BY BLANCHE LINDSAY.

"And so, you see, the poor little thing is coming to a kind of baven."

"Itisn't everybody who would dream of coming in that spirit,"

"And so one ought to be grateful to her. It shows a sort of - well a sort of affectionate

confidence gratitude almost, "As to future invoces "Nonsonse, Luwrence! For my part, I like

warm-hearted people, especially girls. I get to forgive them all their sins." "You needn't push up your eyebrows like

BEDGE DE are, you did, Just as if you could never

besieve in anylody or anything,"

"Well, as to that?" "You want me to believe too much, surely, Charlette, 'It is difficult to believe that the

verb to lift is configurated by ladice of uncertic

liter, is to be admired -even pitied. "Foat Bille Buse!" reputer big Charles? Noncesse, Lawrence. You really are too

Well, then, I retract. Charles is to be

es. Pancy if, after marriage-- il, after marriage, the lady had grown terrildy bured.

I want you to be kind to her. "the sectably? She doesn't like fishing, I secured I am not speak my metaphorically."

"That's good. I can keep out of her way in couldn't do a kinder turn to any girl.

All. I'm off at 12:00. I'll get the cook to

Lawrence Wentworth thereupon, nodhetiquately at his sister, left the room. stook intensil to the contemplation of room fishing roos and other piscatorial small, plainty turnshed room, e sludy. It was thus denominated politoness, perhaps also in jest cor-never in serious earnest, for Mr. Wentto of valuable time to sit and read at hours standing above the green

What is one man's meat is another man's been, and as Lawrence Wentworth never gued nor wasted words, it was left to the Imagination to decide whether s and the painful acquirement of knowl-

whom it is desired to learn to swim. They are of questionable service to the novice while learning the stroke. Confidence and the displacement of your body should be your life preserver. Swimming cannot be taught theoretically, else I would tell you of the various strokes and movements. You must learn in the water.

"The profession of newspaper work cannot be learned in the college; you must set your experience in the field. Cramps are an unaccessary evil. Stretch out the affected leg, turn up the toes or raise the foot and you will almost certainly bring about a cure. But if this does not succeed, float till succer arrives. Those in whom cramp seems to be chronic, should not venture beyond their depth."

Miss Beckwith spoke on other matters of personal interest, but which are of no concern to the reader, the knitting needles clicked away and Tax Tixes man left.

away and THE TIMES man left.

#### JUSTICE ILLUMINED: THE RETORT LEGAL.

AN ELIMINATION-Chief Justice Rushe and Lori Norbury were walking together, in the old times, and came upon a gibbet. "Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?" "Faith, I should be traveling alone."

GETTING THE WHOLE STORY-Attorney: "I GETTING THE WHOLE STORY—Attorney: "I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation." Reductant Witness: "I've told you everything of any consequence." "You have told me that you said to him: Jones, this case will get into the courts some day." Now I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said: 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopta' little yee-hawin, four-by-six, rimiet-oved shyster.

A JUDICIAL BOOMERANO-An irrascible old judge, being annoyed by a young lawyer's speaking to bim about a legal point in the street, threatened to fine him for contempt of sour if he did not cease to annoy. "Why, udge," said the lawyer, "you are not in session." "I'd have you know that this court is iways in session, and consequently always a ubject of contempt."

Subject of contempt."

Trattmont or a Stravivon—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old foiler, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural or a retraversion of sent life. Holt pandons. Advect by that currosity which as natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. "Ab, my lord," said the culprit, making a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and

Evalue as Court—In a trial before Judge Bowen at Del Norte, Colo., one of the parties was represented by Judge Hamm and the other by C. D. Hayt, now of the Colorado supreme bench. A Mexican juror, regularly venired, asked to be excused from service, "Why do you wish to be excused," asked the court. "Well, cinek," said the Mexican, "me—no—understand—good—English." "That's no excuse," asswered the judge, with assumed severity, "nobody's going to talk to you but Judge Hamm and Charlie Hayt, and they don't either of them speak good English."

A Weakening Operation. "I went through a financial operation this morning that has made me feel weak as

What was it." "I had \$10,000 amputated."—Providence ad Stonington Bulletin,

In Chicago,

Mrs. O'Zone—Can't you get a move on that horse, driver: I'm alraid I'll be late for the westding. Driver—Niver moind, mum! Even II we miss the wedding we will be sure to git there in torme for the divorce, ... Texas Siftings,

A l'in-de-Siecie Garment. "Your scalskin sack is the finest I have ever

"Well, it ought to be; it was made from one of the educated seals,"-Judge, -000-

Both Took the Same At a Boston bar, First Indulger: "Give me a cocktail," Second Indulger: "I'll take a synonym."—

In Boston. Ethel-Hasn't he a lot of cheek, mamma? Mamma-Dun't say "cheek," my dear, say facial area."—Exchange.

a ruler of conscientions though benevolent sway. It was she who that very morning had received a leaker from a young friend, which young friend, acting foolishly (as some people thought), had but lately broken off an advantageous marriage engagement, suddenly, unreasonably, and mexplicably. It

She cast a foot of reproduct at her of other, thou upon the said culprits of ressing table.

Kind Mrs. Marshall, as she patted the insies and rosebads defify into shape, shook or hend somewhat anxiously, and commond with herself.

A tall, slight figure beside her rose also much with herself.

Here were none of the smart clothes which Mr. Wentworth had crossly expected to see.

or same superstant sorry already, she murmorred. "Lawrence is never quite so harsh
is he intends to be! Of course, she was
knong, poor dear, and Charles Davenport
would have been an excellent match; but it
was sweet of her to want to come here to be
aken care of."

Ar. Wettworth had crossly expected to see,
Onlya plain, high, dark costume—gingham,
or some such stuff.

"My box was left behind—it was our fault
—my maid's and mine," said a musical
voice, somewhat spasmodically, "and so I
thought I'd better not dress. I was afraid of Mrs. Marshall, as she breathed out her keeping Mrs. Marshall,"

are. Massian, as saye organized out her helic words to the flowers, may be described a flue, well-made woman entering on mid-e age, and not unlike her brother, the squire, force or figure. Both, though past their first auth, were still ruddy of face and smooth of south, were still ruddy of face and smooth of like a visitor," she afterwards explained to skin; both owned fair hair and blue eyes. In the brother's case the hair was propped exceedingly short, and the eves were serious, even dreamy, whilst the sister's eyes were often lighted by a merry twinkle, and berlong hair the eavy of many a younger was man was nearly braded at the back of her bread. Both could boast fairly regular features, and respecially the beauty of a well-shaped mouth, opened only for dire necessity. ones, and especially the beauty of a well-chaped mouth, opened only for dire necessity in the case of Mr. Wentworth, whose lace was sean shaven and as smooth almost as his sis-

In the meantime that gentleman had by no means repented his barsh judgment of flose flerners. Far from it. He was humning ftly to himself, singling out the most tempting of flies from his collection, meditating on that you of files the live May fly, which, dur-ing the present month, should be at its best and friendisest; and the slight discontent which ruffles his brow was altogether owing to the fact that he must put off for two more ours the pleasure of starting on an expedin, just be muse he was obliged to see his not and indite a couple of business letters

Hard indeed was Mr. Wentworth's hearthe nether milistone being a soft cushion in comparison. He never even remembered the comparison. He never even remembered the existence of Miss Berners during the whole of that delightful, hot, and sollitary day, and when, a little before dinner time, he returned home through fields yellow with buttercups or epringled white with dulars, the soft air playing about his templos, he took off his cap and gazed up into the peaceful sky, and everything seemed to him delightful and choering. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that his afternoon's sport had been extremely

successini, Such peace and happiness were not Lawren destined to last. On entering the house, by the hark door as usual, Mr. Wentworth those rancarly broke his suins over a box which was, in truth, almost as wide as the badly-lit passage itself, furthermore, when half the ousehold came running out from different portions of the basement, in answer to his stordy, if laconic, adjurations to the box, it was sensil comfort to learn that this was one iris, dreaming of leviathan-tile worst days came to the the cap well over his brows, station, and fetched only just now by Thomas was small comfort to learn that this was one of Miss Berners' trunks, left behind at the

dgiag across country in pelting ram, in the pony cart.

Mr. Wentworth mounted the back stairs specifie for dinner.

Mr. Wentworth mounted the back stairs silently and also cautiously. It is always well to put off an evil moment; there was no need to meet this new-comer till dinner should be actually announced—on the table, in fact, Then, of courses evil fate and the senseless customs of society, would decree that two congenial people and one uncongenial person must feed together. After all, what are meale? Pirst, we cannot ignore the physical duty of his widowed sister, Mrs. Marshall, miling-stoking, so to speak—the human was she who seemed disturbed

### Becky Sharp's Gossip; Maine Memories.

When I heard down at the Turkish baths yesterday that dear old Bob Blank was dead it did seem too hard to think of his poor young wife, cut right off in the beginning of her divorce suit and her hope of going on the stage. I went straight home and wrote to her that the next best thing she could do was to come to Washington and go into office. I certainly think our avuncular government is nice in some respects in its treatment of women. In ever so many old countries when a deserving woman is left a widow she has no chance of making an honest, easy living but to marry ngain right away or go to keeping boarders-

had his life insured for \$15,000 just before he

was taken sick, and right after the policy was issued, before making a lot of those nasty payments that do eat into the profits, he died. The poor fellow always was lucky in financial matters, you know." True enough. Some people do have the yee-hawin, four-by-six, gimlet-eyed shyster suwyer, with half a pound of brains and six-seen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story."

The though, Some people do have the luck to die and go somewhere. Others live and go to Boston. Which is the happier fate? Of course, Boston knows, as it knows all things. But I tell you confidentially that, so far as I am concerned. all things. But I tell you confidentially that, so far as I am concerned, three months in Boston on the Maine coast have taught me the divine providence of that place which Mr. Ingersoll says doesn't exist, and I guess if Mr. Ingersoll himself ever plumped his un-

why, regeresate nature down among the elect, he'd be uncomfortable enough to believe in spmeourt is thing where he'd feel more at home.

Here in Washington, with nothing but a geography to go by, we have the notion that Boston is in Massachusetts. When we had geant, lightly described was in Congress But I con lieved Boston was in Congress. But I can tell you Boston is in the beginning and all things are in Boston, Even Maine—which everybody but Mr. Boutelle fancies is all Bar Harbor that is not Thomas B. Reed— Bar Harbor that is not Thomas B. Reed— even Maine when you get there is nothing but Boston. We found that out in a minute. You know Lalways go with Mrs. Allister Me-Ward, and when the Senator's colored valet, who buys and sells stocks, plays poker and the norses and the races for the Senator, in-adverteally placed the Senator's money on the Bitannia the very first day the Vigilant won a race, the Senator said that settled it, expenses had to be cut down, with all that he had sacrificed sailing out sugar in the interest of tariff legislation, he couldn't afford to keep his family at Atlantic City through the sum-

ms manly at Atlantic City through the summer, we would have to go some place on the Maine const where sea air, spooning and scandal was to be had for a dollar a day.

Mrs. McWard had heard of Weils' Beach, but, if you can, fancy our surprise to find that Well's Beach had not heard of her.

"Mrs. Allister McWard' I do not know any such person" said the lord of the primitive.

"Mrs. Allister McWard? I do not know any such person," said the lord of the primitive into to which we applied for admission, coldly surveying our distinguished party through a two-inch opening of his inhospitable door. Thereupon Mrs. McWard presented him with one of her visiting eards, which reads in black and white, and in full, Mrs. Senator Allister McWard. She says that if wives of Army officers may, as they do, reflect their husband's and their comatry's glory from their visiting eards inscribed Mrs. Gen. or Col. So. and So. she cannot see why the wife of a United States Senator may not with equal propriety reflect her husband's and her country's glory in the same way. n the same way.

But not all that this told enlightened the

Wells' Beach innkeeper, and though he finally admitted us under his roof, I frankly confess that none of the Bostonians who go to Well's Beach year after year being per-sonally acquainted with us or our foreinthers, sonally acquainted with us or our forelathers, for all social purposes, we remained throughout the entire season practically unborn. This too, mind you, despite the fact that Mrs. 21-Ward presented several of our fellow-guests with marked copies of the Congressional Record, not to mention generously circulating tariff speeches of her husband, besides freely loaning several old numbers of current literature applications continue retries. sides freely loaning several on numbers of current literature containing popular articles signed with the Senator's full name and not generally known to have been written by the Senator's private secretary.

I learned from the president of a Beacon

street Chaufauqua circie that Muine was dis-

stomach. Secondly, comes the moral duty

who knows?

Mr. Wentworth presented an admirable appearance when he linally entered the drawing room; his tailor would have wept tears of joy to see how greatly the heauty of sattorial

"An, well, he won't disture me, said the wondered it Lawrence thought much of poor Charles and his wrongs, now. But she spoke not at all on the subject. She was the wondered it Lawrence thought much of poor Charles and his wrongs, now. But she spoke not at all on the subject. She was to see how greatly the heauty of sattorial

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Marshall?"

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Marshall dibliously. "Is treally all of with poor Charles, Rosle?"

"Ye-es," said the won't disture me, said the wondered it Lawrence thought much of poor Charles and his wrongs, now. But she spoke not at all on the subject. She knew how to be as tacitum as her brother, if need be.

"Why, yes, of course, He'll find out his."

The "only man" bowed silently and offered bis arm. Hose placed a hand within that arm, and was led to the dining-room. "I did not like at once to object to being treated like a visitor," she afterwards explained to

evening passed with such annable decorum of speech and manner as fluctuates betwist po-liteness and boredom. He spoke just enough during dinner to offer the chief delicacies to his guest; he made two remarks concerning the weather, another with regard to the slow ness of country trains, cross-lines especially He listened with apparent deference and s shade—a gentle shade—of interest to the spasmodic conversation which passed be tween the ladies. After dinner he, with indoient graciousness, exhibited a number of photographs; some were family portraits-yellow likenesses of persons in old-time cos-tums; some were Alpine views. (The former made the guest laugh; the latter forced from her more than one stifled yawn.) Finally the master of the house lit the you bedroom candle with precisely that amount of alacrity which evinces chivalrous attentive-ness but not unseemly joy. Then, when the girl had walked away and was well out of

yiew, he turned with a sigh to his sister, and nuttered: "Does she mean to stay long?"
"My dear Lawrence! Why, nothing is set-tled, of course. The poor dear must recover her spirits. I thought you seemed to get on

beautifully with her. "Oh, did you? "And she is wretched at home because of

'Why, I told you about it before. Really, "Always the fault of the young people in one cases," growled the squire, lighting his rn candle. Meanwhile Miss Berners was combing out

her locks upstairs, To her went kind Mrs. Marshall, "I do hope you are not tired, darling,"
"Oh no! How good you are to me! And
isn't it funny I should know you so well and never have seen your brother;

"Not so very odd, dear. You see, Lawrence scarcely ever moves from here, and you have never been to this place. But now you have "Like Mahomet and the mountain," murmured Miss Rose, "And he's so unlike

you, isn't he?" & "Who, dear-who?" "Who, dear—who?"
"Why, your brother. You look a century
younger, to begin with, and then—then.—I
hope I haven't disturbed him—do you think?"
"No," answered Mrs. Marshall shortly. It

covered by Boston, who took up summer quarters along the coast the same year that thesar entered Great Britain, and I can tell you right now, from the accumulated wisdom of my own experience, that if you have any idea that baked beans and mugwumpery alone will fit you for the kingdom of Boston, you need to learn over again the lesson of bow a camel goes through the eye of a needle. Indeed, you need to learn your catechism all over again. Perhaps you think you know who made you. Well, you're wrong.

If you even were made you were done by a woman who lives on Buck Bay, who wears water waves, a green veil, and goggles. I know, for I've seen her. She made the world, and ight that it its, and, having made the world, it's her world, and she keeps it, water paper.

it's her world, and she keeps it, water paper, and moth balls on her closet shelf, and we can't touch it, because without her was made nothing that was made, and we're nothing, having been made without her.

If I had my life to live over again I certainly world, bearing two

tainly would begin two centuries back on Plymouth Rock, and I never will go to Maine again right away or go to keeping boarders—
not one thing will the government do for her
in the way of an office. But Stella, I believe,
good fortune would not desert her in the
beart of Africa.

"Bo sweet of you to think of the office."
she wrote back, "but there'll be no need of
my going to work, thank heaven! Dear Bob
had his life insured for \$15,000 just before he

Wells' Beach itself, independent of its Boston backbone, would make anybody like me thirst for blood. You know, barring a certain red-colored liquid in my veins which sustains life without bestowing upon it any social value, I have no blood. Neither have I any family, not so much as a family skeleton, and while I may one day, please heaven, have a husband, not this glorious promise enhave a husband, not this glorious promise en-courages me to believe that, so I shull be fit io sign a little declaration of independence of my own, that will enable me to hold up my head at Wells' Beach, where the chamber-maid at my boarding-house, the past sum-mer, was merely working for the piensure of raising enough money to pay her initiation fee to join the Colonial Dames the coming winter, while the old man who cleaned out my "bo-at" every morning was only passing my "bo-at" every morning was only passing away time while he waited for his father to die and let him in his turn become a member of the Cineinnati Society. His father was 123 years old, but that's no occasion for funeral preparations or planning to break a will in Maine.

Although Wells' Beach was settled by Bos-

Although Wells' Beach was settled by Boston long before either Columbus or Mr. Boutelle invaded Maine, the original settlers still inhabit the place. Here and there possibly one has changed his body, but that's a mere accident to the endurance of a New England family, the opportunity for another gravestone in the side yard and the addition of one more silver coffin plate to the ornaments of the mantel-piece in the parior. Personally, I never knew any of the Wells' Beach natives to change so much as a body. How little they change, I suspect, but will not say, more than that I couldn't find any of them who know how to wash, and when, one day, I was grumbling because I couldn't get a full-sized bath in a tin buisin one of the first settlers said she calculated I couldn't get a full-sized bath with the couldn't get a full-sized bath in a tin buisin one of the first settlers said she calculated I couldn't get a four one summer; she'd lived there nigh onto ne summer; she'd lived there nigh onto ninety years and hadn't never took a bath

yet.
There was not a thing about her appe ance to throw doubt on what she said, so I recoon it's true. Besides, we of the statisticians of the Maine Historical Society, were on hand with figures to prove it. We did not sift her to get down to first principles, but there's mighty little dirt on Wells' Beach and the akjacent islands. I haven't dug and sifted this summer. The statistician had a vacht. this summer. The statistician had a yacht, and you know how it is at the seashore, everthing goes with a man who has a yacht, Even I did, after association had refined me so that I unconsciously said "ing," instead of "tote," "calculate," instead of "reckon," re-ferred to Harvard as Cambridge, and spoke in a colonial vernacular of "going out to England," instead of "running over to the other side." But never did I secure the privi-leges of a yacht at such a price. That man worked me in pushing his investigations of the antiquities of Well's Beach, until I feel cold chills chase over me now every time I think how near I came to being mixed up in think how near I came to being mixed up in the war between Japan and China. Luckily, I was reading Boston papers at the time and did not know there was war among our anti-podes, so that while I was digging in the towels of the earth for remnants of an In-dian fort, supposed to have been on Weis' Beach before the flood, my only horror was lest I should spade up a Chinaman and get into trouble for violating the Geary law.

Talking about law, I don't care what the whole A, B, C, X, Y, Z of temperance organisation thinks about it, the practical working of the prohibition law is awful. I haven't lived in Washington all my young life, and

denly, unreasonably, and inexplicably. It was she, Mrs. Marshall, who now stood in the bearroom prepared for this expected culiprit, placing neat little bunches of flowers in oid-inshinged glasses intended for such decoration upon the said culprit's dressing table. Kind Mrs. Marshall, as she casted the paneles and rosebuds defity into shape, shook for proposition and somewhat anxiously, and communed with herself.

It was she, Mrs. Marshall, who now stood in handiwork became, and possibly improved, the silent squire, and possibly improved, the silent squire, said Mrs. Marshall, who now stood in handiwork became, and possibly improved, the silent squire, said Mrs. Marshall, who now stood in handiwork became, and possibly improved, the silent squire.

"But, my dear Lawrence, "add Mrs. Marshall, who now stood in the soun store of the silent squire, and the two ladies kissed.

The next morning Miss Berners was what the squire called "all over the place." He squire called the squire called the

Berners, having once ascertained the whereabouts of the squire's special domain, gave it
thenceforth a wide berth.

It was a strange thing that, some three or
four days later, he should of his own free will

"Can you steer?" asked Mr. We
"A little; don't expect too muc invite her to accompany him to the river-side "The water-lilies are so fine," he asserted.
"All ladies like water-lilies, don't they?"

"Yes," answered his guest, with complete gravity, "all ladies." So the ill-matched couple went, and Mrs. Marshall stood in the porch gazing after them in amaze. Only that very morning had Miss Rosie explained to the long-suffering Mrs. Marshall that her brother was what common parlance denominates—a savage! "My French governess used to call people

said the girl, undeterred. "Un sauvage un vrai sauvage —a savage. And do yo know, and her dimpled face and merry ey lighted up, "there was an inn sot far fro where we lived in the country, and the sig was the sign of the salvage man, with a painting of a kind of Jack-in-the-green a gentle-

man dressed in a complete costume of oa boughs—an absolute Jack-in-the-green." "Nonscuts!" Mrs. Marshall had said. But now here was her visitor walking de murely down the river by the side of the said Jack (who was not clad in green boughs by any means, but in orthodox country costume of light tweed, with a gray, soft feit hat sloughed over his brows). And the salvage man, as he strolled on with his hands in his pockets, was listening—whether contentedly | rush the boat. Sit tight. r discontentedly it was impossible to tell-to uld not do to bore him with overmuch

such girlish chaiter. Mrs. Marshall arranged a volume or two of Macaulay and also some of her favorite poets on a bandy drawing-room table, ready for evening use. Lawrence, though a poor con-versationalist, was by no means a bad reader. There is nothing like reading aloud to pro-

est to bind them. Admirable reflections! Mrs. Marshall was ostively staggered to find that she had reck-ied without her two companions. "Do you mind looking into my den for an "I am

hour?" asked the squire, bland'y, "I going to teach Miss Berners to make flies." "Going to teach? And so he was, in truth. Feathers, silks, sobbler's wax, etc., aiready strawed the table. seen again, and whether it were likely to disslose's long sleeves had to be rolled up to the abow, and she found it necessary to don a "Mr. Wentworth, I want to ask you somethis a min does not call a girl "sneaky" and tiny white muslin apron, which was apparently among her traveling accourrements. So much preparation was scarcely needed, thought Mrs. Marshall; but her brother evisional forward, her clows on her knees, ently held a different opinion, for he littered

right? Then Mrs. Marshall remembered how the girl had spoken slightingly of the salvage man, and she grew trate in her heart. He was too good for her, any way; wretched little

been in office without learning to work almost anything, but when it came to working probabilition—let me tell you this: Don't ever go to Maine for the summer without taking your own sideboard, or the gold cure. You know, water on the Maine coast is so cold the mere sight of it cramps you—fifty-six degrees. Farenheit on a hot summer's day when the papers are full of the terrible consequences of drinking les water. This wouldn't be so bad; you might refrain from drinking at all if there wasn't certain to come along a man with a bottle, the sight of which scares you so you shriek "police," and are running away to prove an alibi, when the man reads the preamble of the Constitution, salutes the the preamble of the Constitution, salutes the hotel flag, and tells you it's nothing but 3 per

cent.
You have heard Nat Goodwin tell about being able to keep a champaign jag as good as new for a week by just shaking his head as new for a week by just shaking his head as he worning. Three per cent, lasts through as new for a week by just snaking his head each morning. Three per cent, hests through an entire season, and you don't so much as have to shake your head to set it going. For a full-jeweled, patented stem winding, double back action spring repeater commend me to the prohibition recognition to the commend. back action spring repeater comment me to the prohibition, non-alcoholic, non-intoxicat-ing drinks of Maine. If ever at the end of a Bar Harbor, Peak Island, or Wells' Beachaea-son perchance I fill a drunkard's grave, please kindly omit flowers, and engrave on a plain slab above my large and lifeless head that simple legend of deprayed Yankee ingenuity, "Three per cent." 'Turee per cent." BECKY SHARP.

In Memory of Two Men.

The following epitaph is to be found in the Cross kirkyard, Shetland, on a handsome mausoleum.

"Born 1st January, died 4th June, 1818; aged sixty-three years. He was a peaceful and quiet man, a id to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was yery much lamented, which was caused by the stupidity of LAURENCE TULLOCA. OF CLOTHERUOS, who sold him pitro instead of Epsom saits, by which be was killed in the space of three hours after taking a dose of it."—Pearson's Weekly.

-Pearson's Weekly.

HIS LIFE PRESERVER.



Captain (during thunder storn)-You had better jump for your life, Dutchie, the ves-



Durchie (a moment later)-I don't sink

mit dese shoes, nint it?

"Ah, well, he won't disturb me," said the ffirt! Jilt, that was the word. Mrs. Marshall

They were a goodly pair, she thought presently, as she watched them striking across the golden meadows, away towards the peaceful belt of trees, betwin whose silm trunks

"Can you steer?" asked Mr. Wentworth,
"A fittle, don't expect too much from ma,"
Lawrence merely nodded reply,
The girl, seared in the bost, somewhat
eryously took hold of the cords.

"Wait a bit," said Lawrence. "Now,

The boat performed the most extraordinary 'Perhaps," said the salvage man, trying to

be civil, "perhaps, if you leave off steering, we might get along."

Rose dropped the strings as though they had been red hot, whereupon the aggravating boot righted itself with strange rapidity. They were floating down stream now, dritting deliciously. From the green wood came the song of bird's some lazy own stared across a field full of buttercups: at the water's edge vellow iris rose like golden stars amongst the green flags.

Rosic made a dash at some water lilies, "Don't!" said her companion, "They've got nasty, tough roots." But, swing her disappointment, he added: "You can have lots by and by. came within sight of a great tract peopled with reeds—tall reeds, like a water-

"I'll tell you what," said Lawrence, "we'll rush the boat. Sit light."

Miss Berners sat tight. She understood that much, if nothing else. But how beautiful it was to feel the increased speed growing rapidly to excessive swiftness, whilst the rush of water swirled around, and parting, bending reeds crushed under the keel, making a pathway through their very thickest com-panies, to rise up at once again like a myste-rious, sheltering wall. Suddenly the boat came to a standstill, only

mote sociability amongst three people; the "tiers incommode," whoever he may be, is supplemented, so to speak, by the volume itself. The author, whether poet, historian or novelist, has somehow come to the rescue; four people, not three any longer, are gathered round the table, with one common interest to bind them.

thought Miss Rosie. But for a gray lock here and there in his short hair, time had dealt gently with him—he was surely considerably younger than Mrs. Marshall! Needless to say, he was silent. He did not even glance at his companion, nor did he meditate upon her appearance: truth to tell, he was wondering whether that hawk which lenks the keeper had told bim of had been seen again, and whether it were likely to dis-

her fingers restlessly clasped and unclasped the floor with books and papers in order to clear other tables, and walked unceasingly backwards and forwards between Miss Berners and the window, asking anxiously, though laconically, it she were "getting on ail Mr. Charles Davenport well?"

"Pretty well," answered Lawrence,
"Then I suppose you have heard—you are

quite aware —"
Lawrence nodded sgain,
"I mean," continue! Miss Berners, flush-

## BENEDICT.

It was ripe autumn in a Rhenish village. The sun, slowly sinking into its bed, tinged all nature with the radiance of its departing glory. Mountains of irregular height, capped by forests of frees, stood out in bold relief against the red-dyed sky, and numbers of small graystone vintners cottages nestled amid the luxuriant foliage on the slopes of the hills. Beneath all was the Rhine, sweeping sliently through the valley below till, falling over a cluster of rocks, it was transformed into a custarset the rear of whose The sun, slowly sinking into its bed, tinged formed into a entaract, the rear of whose waters broke in upon the stillness of eventide and mingled with the lowing of the various herds being driven back to their farms. Against the doorway of one of the small

Against the doorway of one of the small cottages leaned a woman, shading her eyes from the radiant aftergrow with a small, elegantly shaped hand—a woman winse youth was already past, but whose delicate, refined features still retained the charm of earlier years, she was singularly attractive. Masses of dead gold hair covered her shapely head. Her eyes were large and dasky brown, and she looked from beneath their durk fringes with a slow, laught gaze. A soft slik of somber hus enveloped her lisson figure and trailed on the grass at her feet. Among the vintners she was known as "La Belle Anglaise," of whose beauty and proud, cold manner they stood somewhat in awe. She had come among them at the commencement of the summer, and farnishing one of the ilitie cottages to suit her requirements, lived there, in comparative sectusion, with an old servant, who accompanied her. She sighed, half impatiently, haif sainly, as she and down to rest on the little carrived sent in the porch. As she in the little carrived sent in the porch. As she in the little carrived sent in the porch. As she in the little carrived sent in the porch. As she in the little carrived sent in the porch. As she in the little carrived sent in the premise of the intermidist a timy coffin, covered with masses of white flowers, was slowly approaching, pre-

In fitful cadence.

A group of peasants, carrying in their midst a tiny coiffin, covered with masses of white flowers, was slowly approaching, preceded by a priest, accompanied by three acolytes, who carried a silver crueiffix, and as they chanted awaing a censer to and ito, leaving a delicate odor in the oppressive air. Moved by some sudden caprice, she gashered her drapery into her hand and followed the sail procession, winding along the road, till through an avenue of follage on the summit of a hill the ruined chaped of St. Rosaliz came in sight. Enroute they encountered Jacques, the post-boy, and the lady lingered till the lad, having satisfied his religious scrupies by falling on his knees while the procession passed, delivered to her a couple of letters. The slow bell for the souls of the departed bad caused ringing and the service had regim when she reached the little grave. Fearing to disturb the mouraires, as passed to the cast end of the ruined chapet, and lifting the latch of the crucy little gate, which creaked rustily upon its hinges, found herself in the chaped.

Near the door hung a printing of the Holy Mother, stained and different manners and agreed with it a few seeds from a passion flower, which, falling between the broken stones.

ereaked rustily upon its hinges, found herself in the chapel.

Near the door hung a painting of the Holy Mother, stained and disdigared with dump and age. Some passing breeze and sarred with it a few seeds from a passion flower, which, falling between the broken stones that paved the chapel, had spring up and now outlined the rugged cross with its rich parple blessoms. Part of the chapel was unrooted, but reverent plety kept the roof over the crucifix and altar intact. Sealing herself in one of the ancient pews and drawing a small silver angeer attached to be chapeled to open the letters. Inside the first was a small now, surmonized by a coronet, and a purely conventional smile parted her rips as she gianced at the writing. It ran as follows:

"Carriow Chen.

"Dram Farred—Where have you hidden yourself and wiv. Mayfare is lost in massement that the London season should find the beautism likes. St. Crobs absent, her embanted palace shut up. Have you gone in search of your ideas? If the search fail, dare I hope? Yours always.

"Also Varsacum."

parted her files as she glanced at the writing. It ran as follows:

"Carlyow Clerk."

"Dran Fairny-Where have you hidden yourself and way. Mayfair is lest in amazement that the London season should find the beautiful life. St. Croix alsent, her emblanted palace shut up. Have you gone in search of your aleas? If the search fail, dare I hope? Yours always.

"The other note was written on handve scented paper and was purely femining."

"Branest May Heally you are an enigma. Sir Alea: Vavasour, who is now in town, haunts my house, and it requires all my ingenuity to pairy his inquiries regarding your retreat. I hope you are happy there. He certainly is not. Come back soon, for my sympathy now is all for him. You have beauty, wentil, fame, and now a title lies at your

impatient gesture. The second she read again, Beauty, weamh, and (ame) What had they brought her? Had they staid for an

ing still more, "you have heard the whole

"Yes."
"Perhaps from him?" "No."
"Your Bills souli" she said. "You have
"Well," continued the girl, somewhat managed to hurt her festings. You called her

"Oh, don't!"
"I suppose you can't understand throwing

"In this one," continued Miss Berners, with Nend we?"

"Yes, cortainly: I wish it, Tell me, Mr. Wentworth, that you understand," "Truly."

"Mad you think?"

"What does it matter what I think? You insist? Well, then, it did seem sort of sneaky-just a little bit, you know, only a ware little.

There was a poster an awful pause.
At last cume the words, clear as bells:
"Will you please row me bosse, Mr. Went-

It did not signify to Lawrence now whether hawks, awars or humming birds were circling overfload. He bestirred himself in stience. The bost rooked, sithering site an equatio Juggerhaut upon the bending, crushing

It takes more out of a man to scull upstream than to float down-stream, but no un-due exertion was evident on the part of the equire, though the boat shot quickly back to mer its mooring-place beside his own golden gir

india.

Hosic vouchsafed never a word. She unped from the boat almost before such a man's but was safe, disinfuling the sulving man's But Mr. Wentworth took out a letter from the breast-pocket of his cost and handed it to the absent seif and the boar into the deep waters.

It was not long before Ales Berners stood in the presence of Mrs. Marshall.

Care for whom?" she murmured, trying to gain time. "I felt quite sure, especially when we made es," sobbed the girl. "And now he has in-

Presently, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Marshall wended her way to her brother's study to ask his intentions concerning their young visitor. Nothing but the promise of this had pacified Miss Remers. Mrs. Marshall shook her head as she walked

that a man does not call a girl "sneaky and wishto marry ber, in one and the same breath. However, her own course was clear. It was certainly best that Lawrence and Miss Berners should not meet again. Cold words and colder looks might thus be avoided. Once in possession of a teass sentence from Lawrence, disclaiming all desire for wilely affections Mrs. Marshall could return to the drawing, room with a clear conscience if not a light

"Lawrence," she murmured insinuatingly, opening the study door an inch or two.
"What's up?" came the discouraging an

hour the passionate cry of her beart, the maddening longing for an old ove? The let-ter lell from her flugers as she cleaped them over her lace. Present sounds faded awdy. The solemn tones of the flux benediction which floated in from the churchyard changed

the sieut siee. Can anything be more re-moresiess than memory, which awakens in avery moment of our sellinds. As she grew culmer she approached the purple outlined cross und gathered a flower from fits stalk. "Desceration, madam!" A calculate breath escaped Mrs. St. Croix's parted lips as the tones of the priest, who, un-perceived, had observed the action, fell apon

died upon his his he stooped for an instant as though in pity and touched her forehead with his lips. Piscing her arms around his neck, she whispered his name and lowered his head till their lips met. A moment seemed an eternity. Then, thrusting her aside with a cry of angulsh, he sprang away, and she neard his swift footsteps pass across the graveyard path.

A few days later Sir Alee Vavasour received a note at his club which bors the Parls post-mark, and he was missing from the social wealth, tame, and now a title lies at your wealth, tame, and now as massing from the section which and for a week, amounting on his refer. Most incomprehensible of women which of for a week, amounting on his refer. Most more can your heart desire? I incose a note under protest. Always, dearest, positively wretched after the travels and had strongly alwaed her to remain there for a few weeks to dissipate the enunt site had endured among the Rhenish mountains and to regain her good looks before their wedding day.—Boy Compton in Sketch.

> "Miss Berners is going away," she began The sind-hearted woman gathered courage

Something bad, Lawrence," I said what she did was sneaky, rather,

Lawrence, you shouldn't have "Wity did she ask me, then?"
"Four dear! She has a great need of needed. So great that she often mistakes—I one she might mistake-tout is, she might

he squire knitted his brows,

in't want to insult her." "And equally, of course, you doin't want to male up to her." I mean you were not thinking. Dear Law-

ou didn't want her to learn to care for

ook her out, when you taught her to

Then a very oud thing happened. The pure rose from his chair and went up to a sister, fuld his hand lightly on her area, ad looked strength into her eyes. Was she standing in his eyes?
"You couldn't you can't ..." she stan-ment, "Why, you have seen nothing of the

his sister, "Dear Lawrence," thus ran the words,

solding and clasping Mrs. Marshall's knees.

"What—what," she solded—"what is the use of carding about him?"

What, findeed? Here was a new light—one which nearly caused Mrs. Marshall's well-regulated hair to stand on end.

"Core for whom?" she marganed treats. perhaps: these visions rose up between and the pale, gentle ince of Lawrence We

time. And meanwhile, here was the new life knocking at the door, opening the door softly, coming in on flator, half shyly, half boildy—a , with awest eyes drowned in tears, an tend of hair, and parted red lips which "Please tell me what time is my train,

"Hence but the was time."
When must I be ready to go?"
But she did not go, that slender new life in her white draportes. She came forward instead and walked straight into the squire's property arms and neated herself inoutstretebed arms and nestled herself in-

stantly within his heart of hearts.

It was Mis. Marshall who went away and left them together—those unexpected lovers.

Whether Miss Berners found her salvage man too silent or too explicit, either then or thereafter, this chronicler cannot tell. Suffice it to say that the two were married after an engagement as brief as had been their court-

There were people who insinuated that the squire was afraid of being jilted. But the bure truth remains—he was not afraid at all,